TO His Highneſs THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

HAIL to Great *ORANGE*, hail Triumphant Prince,
Thou true Vicegerent of Omnipotence;
To thee, with all the Attributes of Heaven
Inſpir'd, to thee Belov'd, is only given
Avenging JUSTICE and the Power to Save,
Deliver, and Protect; And he that gave
Thoſe Godlike parts, will, nay he muſt ſecure
The great Poſſeſſor, if Time be to endure,

For on your different Fate ſeems to depend,
The WORLDS long quiet, or its haſtened End;
The True RELIGION alſo needs muſt fail
The Gates of *Hell* for ever muſt prevail,
If for the CHURCH your deareſt Life be ſpilt,
You're now the ROCK on which that Church is built.

No Glorious PRINCE, the Almighty now has ſhewn
Too ſignally, Your CAUSE to be His OWN;
(And you the Deareſt FAVORITE of Heaven,
By the amazing Aids, his power has given)
For us to doubt; we'll gratefully endeavor,
To thank kind Heaven, then ſay PRINCE live for ever.

Long had the Fam'd *BRITTANIA* nobly ſtrove,
To bear and hide repeated Wrongs with LOVE
And DUTY; thinking 'twould move a gen'rous mind,
By freſh Engagements, not to be more unkind;
But all in vain, the more ſhe gave, the more
She was Inſulted on, though n'ere before,
Did She Affronts of half that moment bear:
At laſt by th'Ungrateful ſhe was forc't to Tear
Her ſelf away; an angry Scorn ſupply'd
Her former Love; nor cou'd ſhe more abide,

But

But parting quick, I'le humble you, ſays ſhe,
Aud make you know, you hold your power from me,
Twas I that rais'd you, and can pull you down,
The reſt was ſeen thro' a Majeſtick frown.
Strait ſhe an Embaſſage to *HOLLAND* ſends,
And Councel takes with her true Noble Friends;
Wherein ſhe is adviſ'd to ſend her Mind
To that great PRINCE, after this moving kind:

Moſt *Royal Sir*, 'Tis not to You unknown,
What great Abuſes we've with Patience born,
And hitherto had born, (for 'tis our Fate,
Long ſince to Feel th'Encroaching Tricks of State,)
But when I found my Great Foundations ſhook,
And Nothing leſs, cou'd ſatisfie the ſtroak,
Of Petty undermining Vermin, who
Pretend Authority for what they do,
Though no Authority, but firſt takes date
From thoſe Great LAWS they ſeek to Violate;
Thoſe Ancient Laws, than which there's nothing can,
Be held more Sacred, nor ſtronger made by Man;
LIBERTY of CONSCIENCE the falſe *Sirens* Sing,
While Violence and Wrong far louder ring;
Cloſetting, *Impriſoning*, *Deprivations*,
Diſpencing Power, and unjuſt *Regulations*,

With

With theſe, my Famous Liberty's betray'd,
Thus *Britiſh Property* a Prize is made;
A Forreign Force is Threatn'd, and perchance,
We Innocent, are baſely Sold to *France*;
But which is worſe, which is the greateſt Blow,
We muſt Great PRINCE, thus plainly let you know,
(Having too juſt Suſpicion for our fears)
You and Your *Royal Conſort's* wrong'd; the Heirs
Of all our utmoſt Hopes, Deſires, and Prayers;
Unnaturally are Wrong'd; come mighty PRINCE,
Regain your Right, puniſh their Inſolence,
And be the Church and Nations great Defence;
We will aſſiſt You with our utmoſt power,
Command our Service from this very hour,
Our Army ſends the ſame, though rais'd for ill,
Yet love their Faith and Deareſt Country well:
Come to our Longing Shoars, O come away,
Heav'n will aſſiſt, Deſtructive is Delay.

When

When to the Warlike *Prince* this Meſſage came;
Firſt having paus'd, thus anſwer'd to the ſame:

Illuſtrious Queen, I'me troubl'd when I hear
What You have ſuffred, and what more you fear;
A ſpeedy Aid (preſt by ſo juſt a Cauſe)
My Near Relation, and my pitty draws,
Diſſipate your Grief, my ſelf will ſhortly come,
Redreſs your Wrongs, or freely meet my doom.

The Careful *Prince* all other thoughts laid by,
The elſe impoſſible deſign, does ply
With luckieſt Haſte, unparalell'd Secrecy;
Both were with ſuch ſucceſs purſu'd, that we
May almoſt fear, a Viſion's all we ſee:
So ſtrange, ſo ſuddain, that the Relation ſeems
T'out-do Romances, or Luxuriant *Dreams*;
The Seas, the Winds, the Seaſon of the Year;
Fleets, Armies rul'd by *Providence*, conſpire
To finiſh the Triumphant Scene, to Theſe
Add Conſcious Flights, with tim'rous Guiltineſs,
Infatuate Councels, Inexorable Wilfulneſs,
More than our hearts cou'd wiſh, or thoughts cou'd gueſs:

Deliver-

Deliverance and *Protection's* now the Theme,
Which Fame does through the Happy Land proclaim;
While grateful Hearts, shall thronging round you lie,
And Unborn Nations, bless your Memory.

Thou Greatest *HERO* of thy RACE, go on,
The like Success thy Vast *Designs* shall Crown;
This's but an Earnest of thy future *Power*,
Now *ENGLANDS King*, then *EUROPES Emperor*;
Europe to You, Your mighty Fortune grants,
Europe Deliverance and Protection wants;
Two Ore-grown Monsters, there you will suppress,
The *Gallick* Tyrant, and *Roman* Sorceress,
Who both Unite their Venom, and their Power,
The Innocent, REFORMED, to *Devour*:
You like *APOLLO*, shall Confound their Ends,
And from the Earth, drive the *PYTHONIAN* Fiends.
Were *Homer* then alive, he'd blush to see,
His Fam'd *Achilles*, far surpass'd by THEE:
That Matchless Artist, wou'd with amazement view,
More than he feign'd of him, perform'd by You.
Cou'd we the Sycophantish Praises give,
Which Vainest Tyrants have been flatter'd with;
Cou'd Rhetorick be like Minerals distill'd,
And our weak Verse, with th'Volatile Spirit fill'd;

Cou'd we Extract th'Sublimeſt Strains that e're
By Art in *Panegyricks* did appear,
They'd be like Torches lighted to the *Sun*,
Or Pygmy Guards around a Gyants Throne:
Stop then thou Feeble Muſe, nor farther dare,
Angels alone this Theme are fit to bear.

FINIS.